

The VVesterne Knight, and the young Maid of *Bristoll*,
Their loues and fortunes related.

To a pretty amorous tune.



It was a yong knight bozne in the West,
that led a single life,
And so; to marry he thought it best
because he lackt a wife.

And on a day he him bethought,
as he sat all alone,
How he might be to acquaintance brought,
with some yong pretty one.

What lack, alas. (quoth he) haue I
to liue thus by my selfe?
Could I find one of faire beauty,
I would not sicke for pelfe.

Oh, but I am though nere so poore,
I would ver not reiect:
I haue enough, and aske no more,
so he will me affect.

With that his man he then did call
that nere vnto him staid,
To whom he came vnfolded all,
and vnto him he said,

Come saddle me my milke white steed,
that I may a hawking ride,
To get some bonny hawke with speed,
whom I may make my Wyde.

On horsebacke mounted this gallant yong
and to try his fate he went, (Knight,

To seeke some Damsell faire and bryght,
that might his mind content.

And as he throug *Bristoll* Towne did ride,
in a fine towndebw of Glasse,
A gallant Creature he espide,
in the Casement where he was.

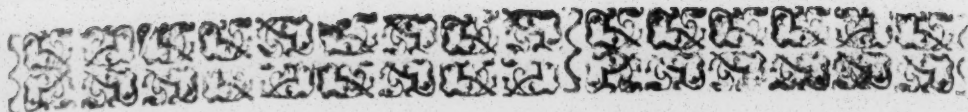
His heart then taught his tongue to speake
as come as he her saw
He vnto her his mind did speake,
compel'd by Cupids law.

Faire Maide, quoth he, long may you liue,
and your bodye Chastite saue and kee,
Five hundred Crownes I will you giue,
to let your loue on me.

Though I am faire, quoth she, in some sort,
yet am I tender of age,
And want the courtelle of the Court,
to be a yong Knights Page.

A Page, thou gallant Dame, quoth she,
I meane thee not to make;
But if thou loue me, as I loue thee,
for my Wyde I will thee take.

If honestly you meane, quoth she,
that I may trust your word,
Yours to command I still will be,
at hand and ake at word.



The second part. To the same tune.



Then he led her by the lilly white hand,
Up and downe a Garden Greene,
What they did, I cannot understand,
Nor what passed them betwene.

When he to her had told his mind,
And done what he thought best,
His former promises so kind,
He turned to a Jest.

Yet he gave to her a Ring of gold,
To keep as her owne life;
And said, that in short time he would,
Come and make her his wife.

Then mounted he on his Steed,
And rode from the Damsell bright,
Saying he would fetch her with speed,
But he forgot it quite.

When fifteen weeks were come and gone,
The Knight came riding by,
To whom the Lasse with grievous moane,
Did thus lament and cry.

O! Knight, remember your how quoth she,
That you to me did say,
With child, alas, you have gotten me,
And you can it not deny.

So mayst thou be, quoth he faire Flowre,
And the child be none of mine,
Unless they can tell me the houre,
And name to me the time.

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Full fifteen weeks it is, quoth she,
That you lay my body by;
A gay gold Ring you gave to me,
How can you this deny?

If I (quoth he) my gold Ring gave,
To thee, as to my friend,
Then must not thinke I meane to have
Thee till my life doth end.

For do I meane to take for my wife,
A Lasse that is so meane,
That shal discredit me all my life,
And all my kindred cleane.

Quoth she, false Knight, why didst thou then
Procure my overthrow,
Oh, now I see that faithlesse men,
Will sweare, yet meane not so.

How may I live from loves exile,
Like a bird kept in a Cage,
For I am fifteen weeks gone with child,
And but fourteen yeares of age.

Farewel, farewel, thou faithlesse Knight,
For thou wilt me forsake,
Oh heavens grant all Maidens bright,
By me may warning take.

When as the Knight did heare what she
Poore harmelesse wretch did say,
It mou'd his heart, and quickly he
Made her a new gay.

FINIS.

An inconstant Female.

With a reward for her disdain in equalitie: To the same tune.



L During mortall,
In loue I here exhort all
in that estate:
Loue is waiking.
But euermorling
is womens hate.
Why then line ye,
Wherefore alwaies gine ye
your teares and prayers
To fond woman,
Whose minde, so common,
respects no teares.
O he rul'd, and be advis'd
by one hath seene them,
by one hath knowne them,
by one hath found them
And their loues so small,
For what must parted be,
To me is nought at all.

Once I loued,
But thousand times haue proued
a cutions faire,
Helens feature
Beates this coy creature,
and Venus hayze.
Cupid bandling,
Her tender breast's handling,
betwixt them lyes.
I oue pursued,
The more I viewed,
loue more did rise.
She did sed me with delay,
and swoze to haue me,
not once to leaue me,
but told to loue me,
With the like respect,
When the another sweet hart
Fetter did affect.

Hold of sorrow,
A patience pure I borrow,
and wait the time:
She neglectfull,
Of some respectfull,
both let me pine.
Loue increased,
But could not be released,
the more I sue,
She vngratefull,
To me turnes hatefull,
false, faire, vntrue:
Spend I loue, or time of seares,
I am neglected,
not once respected,
but quite rejected,
And can nothing gaine,
But false dissembling loue,
And send to loue in baine.

Now a Troilus
I still must line, yet ioylesse
of Cressida:
Loue's mistaken,
And I forsaken,
am left for aye:
Faith she sed me,
Untill my Daphne sed me,
with swiftest wings:
Faith she proued,
But false she loued,
so Syrens sings (true,
But now my Loue hath proued un-
disdaining pittie,
to one so witty,
He sing this ditty:
Thus the note shall sound,
False-heartedickle Paines
Are better lost then found. Finis.

371

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A Loue-sick maids song, lately beguild,
By a run-away Louer that left her with Childe.
To the tune of, In Melton on a day.

Alas and well away,
that ere I trod on ground
So see this haplesse day,
wherein such griefes abound.
Alas I cannot sleepe,
my toyes are cleane erise:
I cannot chole but weepe,
because I was beguild.

The trees can witnesse well,
my pring grieke and paine:
These Rocks and Stones can tell
the sorowes I sustaine
My meate is hawes and hips,
my drinke is water cleare:
I sought els my tender lips,
haue tasted this halfe yeare.

But sith no words will serue,
to countervail thine act:
And that thou dost deserue,
hell torments for thy fact.
I will hold me content,
till that I breathe my last:
I cannot now beuent,
the thing is done and past.

When I should take the meat,
that should my life sustaine:
There is nothing that I eat,
but aggravates my paine,
Oh, sic on him whose deede
doth cause me thus complaine
My heart within doth blode,
with sorrow grieke and paine.

Whelpe of Tigers brode,
couldst thou finde in thy hart,
With her that did the god,
to play so lewde a part.
Woe worth me poore woman,
that did the alwaies helpe,
And cursed be the Dam,
brought forth to bad a whelp.

Ye maides be warnd by me,
let no such cogging mates,
Spot your virginities,
by any subtil teates.
Least in the ende you see,
and sing as now I doe:
Alas and well away,
we are beguild to.

Oh, euill might he thine,
that spoild me of my health:
The truest wretch alieue,
hath me vndone by stealth.
For where I li'd a maid,
a maiden in good fame,
He hath me now betrayde,
and brought me vnto shame.

Thou hadst me at thy call,
as hawkes are at the lure:
My selfe, my goods and all,
and what I might procure.
Thou hadst it at thy neede,
I neuer sayd the nay,
So stand the ought in stede,
or helpe the any way.

Consider words are winde,
or of small force at least:
And men are most vnkinde,
I speake probatum est.
There is no truoch in men,
the best is all to haue:
Who trusts their deakings then
I hold them worse than man.

My maidenhead is lost,
oh cursed be the howre:
When he that lou'd me most:
should seeke me to deflower.
Now am I great with childe,
as great as I may goe:
He that hath me beguild,
away is gone me fro.

And now thou dost requite,
this loue I beare to thee:
With deadly deepe dispite,
as now I plainly see.
So leaue me comfortlesse,
my lucklesse state to rue:
Thou canst not say no lesse,
but thou hast beu but rue.

Who trusts to rotten boughes
shall fall ere they beawares:
Who credites fained bowes:
are soonest brought to care.
My selfe may iustly say,
I prou'd it to my paine:
I neuer saw the day,
but words & deas were twain

And left me here alone,
within this desert place:
So waile and make my moane,
O most distressed case.
What shall of me betide,
none but the Lord both know:
He that should be my guide,
hath left me here in woe.

Woe worth the time that I
gaue credit to thy woos:
For now I plainly see,
thou buishest gin'st for birds.
Woe worth those fained teares,
which thou hast often spent:
They brought me in the byers
which make me now lament.

And thus to end my song,
I wish you all beware,
And of the flattering tongue,
to haue a speciall care.
Kepe well your honest name,
as the apple of your eye,
So shall your lasting fame
remaine eternally.

Ye windes resound my cries,
within the Mifers eares:
That he with watreyes,
may shed his brainish teares.
So waile the late done deede,
that he committed hane:
Or else to come with speede,
my babe and me to saue.

O would to God I had
not knowne thy perur'd face:
I might haue then bene glad,
where now I reape alas.
For I did neuer offend,
before that time with thee:
For neuer did intend,
to spot my chastity.

FINIS

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